

Westport
Oregon
1924

Dedication

To the Friends and Patrons of the Westport High School whose interest in our activities has made our school a better institution, we, the student body of the High School, respectfully dedicate this first volume of the W. H. S. A.

L. S.



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL

History of Westport High School

No! Yes! These were the salutes to the birth of the W. H. S. Since Westport and Wauna were neighbors and closely allied by similarity of pursuit, there was little doubt but that it would benefit both, if they should join their forces and support a Union High School because neither community was large enough to support one of its own.

The Wauna School Board wanted the location to be midway between the two towns, but Westport, counting on a future consolidation with Woodson and Kerry, argued for a school in Westport itself. Needless to say, there were many, well, "snappy" discussions, and in the end Westport won, which was natural, because Westport had experienced a few years of Junior High School.

As early as 1910, under the supervision of Mrs. Grey, one of the grade teachers, a one year high school made its appearance. The following year, under the supervision of Miss Booth, a class of fine, healthy girls were graduated from the tenth grade. This arrangement continued for several years under the supervision of several different teachers, until the population of Westport grew to such an extent that it was necessary to separate the High School from the grades. This was done in 1918 and Myrle Sears took over the two high school grades and held the classes in a little room above the store.

The following year a high school building was built which was connected with the old grammar school structure. Miss Sears was made principal of the school now and continued teaching all the high school subjects.

In 1920 the enrollment had grown large enough, and the character of the work done of such a quality that plans were made for attempting the standardization of the high school and the following year found Mrs. Convill assisted Mrs. Mullen (nee Miss Sears). Standardization of a four year high school was achieved by the end of this school year, and the first Class was graduated.

The following September Mrs. Mullen was succeeded by Frank B. Bennet, as principal of the High School. Continued growth, and consolidation with a Columbia County district made more room necessary and 1923 saw a new building completed, with J. C. Johnson as pilot in the new structure, and an added assistant, Mr. Carol T. Atkinson, whose resignation brought Miss Grace Edwards to fill the vacant position.

At present there are three teachers, a student body organization and an enrollment of 45 students.

One does not live merely for the purpose of working, so outside interests including Athletics, literary and dramatic pursuits have become a part of our school life here.

As the golden haze of memory gilds the past history of Westport there are no memories dearer than the ones which begin, "When I went to school----."



JOHN C. JOHNSON

University of Oregon
Mathematics, History, Science.



ELSIE C. CONVILL

Purdue University
English, History, Typing.



GRACE EDWARDS

Earlham College
Latin, Science, History, Book-keeping.



STAFF OF THE W. H. S. A.

BOTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Lauraine Stewart	Assistant Editor
Wilma Gore	Social Editor
Ione Franklin	Art Editor
Lucille Mattson	Assistant Art Editor
Vivian Crawford	Assistant Social Editor
Anna Flood	Editor in Chief

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

John Erickson	Athletic Editor
Edwin Carlson	Business Manager
Elsie C. Convill	Faculty Advisor
John C. Johnson	Faculty Advisor
Kenneth Edwards	Business Manager



ANNA H. FLOOD

"To be all that I wish to be is
an ambition beyond that of
many men."



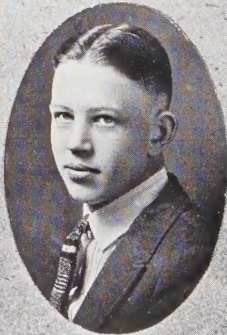
C. SIGNAR NELSON

"I am ashamed that women
are so simple."



LAURAINÉ V. STEWART

"But one way—my own."



EDWIN E. CARLSON

"None but himself can be his
equal."



IONE E. FRANKLIN

"The men—she loves them all."

JESSE E. TOWNE

"See, the conquering hero comes."

LILYBEL GRESHAM

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy mind."

ELSIE C. CONVILL

Senior Advisor

"She's little, but she's wise."

The Senior Prophecy

It was after midnight. Surely by now the great door to the mysterious room would be unlocked. The night was filled with queer silences, each one longer than the one before. The halls were of an illimitable vastness and dark with a darkness that hovered as a pall.

Slowly, and with a most portentous air, the giant portals swung ajar and I slipped into the semi-darkness of the chapel. As I felt myself venturing nearer the candles seemed to leer with a certain fiendish glee. A thousand invisible hands pushed me toward the giant figure of the Daijirin which dominated the whole of the temple. The incense was heavy. I could not breathe. As I came nearer the great weight of this Heathen God seemed to press down upon me. Lower and lower I sank—giant whispers madly advanced and then vanished into the cloistered vaults. The world was a brief dream of the Past and silence reigned supreme.

Then came a voice, intense with the fire of prophet and seer. The figure spoke, "Thou man of foreign belief, I will reveal to you the future of those most dear to you; for that which the Future holds is more to be prized than jewels for it is a gift from the Prophet. Behold, Thou Tiny One!"

From the far corner of the room the mist was brightened by a most wonderful radiance. There was our Anna, beautiful with the fulfillment of a glorious womanhood. She was seated on the stoop of a cozy, vine-covered bungalow. Her head was bowed as she worked on a filmy piece of embroidery. At her right was a brown reed basket from which protruded odds and ends of darning. The last rays of the departing sun caressed the silken sheen of her golden hair and heightened the happy flush on her cheek. Another figure enters the picture—a little girl who daintily swishes her ruffled skirts as she trips lightly up a pathway, then seeing the woman, she slips stealthily over the grass until she holds her mother in a close fairy-like embrace.

The next scene is a great desert of sage-brush, seemingly lifeless, but as the picture grows larger a construction work looms in the foreground. The nearest shack bears a notice proclaiming that this is the property of the Kerrigan Construction Company, Reclamation Division. It is also the general-manager's office. While the picture is clearing and coming nearer, the door opens and Edwin Carlson steps out. His hair is tousled by the mischievous fingers of the summer winds, his eyes are clear and seem to twinkle in a most friendly way. Every movement is characterized by a sureness and purposefulness that was lacking in the old school days. These things are the gifts of true Success.

The outlines change and the desert vanishes to be replaced by a brown-toned library. It is lined with many volumes of books and lighted by the fire in an old colonial fireplace. Within this circle of radiance is a massive writing desk and soft cushioned chair. The table is strewn with manuscripts and writing materials while the chair behind it invites the owner to rest and to think. A woman comes into this circle and as she reaches out to change the position of the chair, her hands are shown in direct relief. They are long, slender, and of all-compelling strength. She is tired and drops into the ready em-

brace of her chair. The flames leap higher and the light of the fire illumines the faces of the woman. It is Lilybel Gresham and on the desk are the drafts for her new book which will be even a greater success than those which have preceded it.

The scene is again shifted and in the fore is the hall of a large office building. Many people are passing to and fro, all with some definite business, but there are none that are familiar. Presently a messenger boy dashes madly toward a door which announces that these are the offices of the "Towne and Owre, Greater Theater Combine," J. Towne, President. The door to the private office opens and when one becomes accustomed to this sudden brightness the most striking object in the room is the dominating figure seated at the desk. Jesse has changed very much, even his clothes give an impression of prosperity, shrewdness, and quick-thought. Every once in a while his eyes flash and twinkle like the Jesse we knew but these friendly advances are soon hidden and once more one is aware of this business man who dominates all by hiding his boyish self and showing to the world only those things which count least in friendship.

But Life does not wait, and so the Future unfolded. The haze again cleared and there were the grounds of a great hospital. One could hear the fretful, pain-wracked cries of the children. A nurse is walking along one of the paths. In her arms she carries a child whose face is swathed in bandages. As the pair come nearer one is held by that great love which illumines the face of the nurse, and her voice holds the soothing and courage of the true "Mother of the World!" So, into the pages of the World and of Life comes Ione. In her forgetfulness of self she had made an idol for children to love, worship and remember. Can any one do a greater thing?

Again the scene changes. This time we are in the Theater Royale in Paris—the goal of all artists. All artists. All voices are hushed. The curtain rises and grouped upon the stage are the greatest musicians of the day. Foremost among the younger ones is the solo-violinist, easily recognizeable as the Signar of our High School days. He played as though alone, the aria rose clearer and clearer. It told of the beauties of Life and of Love, a melody that soared above all commonplace, sorrow, and pain. One wished to be greater, to climb, to escape the limitations of mortals. Then came the moment of disillusionment—it tore wildly at the bars of the prison—it entreats, pleads, then—sobbing, crushed and broken it passes from Mortal Ken.

Feeling as though the burden was too much I passed out into the garden, kissed by the cool morning wind. My thoughts were not clear, all threads were tangled. The room—the temple—the Prophecy! Only time could prove or disprove its truths and I brushed away all fancies as I re-entered the old, ivy-covered mansion.

Lauraine Stewart.

As the wild geese passed yelling by the window, Jesse Towne and Lauraine Stewart stretched their necks to see them. Upon noticing their interest in the birds, Professor Johnson said, "I always knew one goose could call another."

Mr. Johnson—"Now Lilybell what do you know about Jackson's supporters?"

Lilybell (red with blushes)—"Nothing, Sir."

Class of 1924 Will

We, the Class of May, 1924, now that our high school days are numbered, and fearful lest we become mentally deranged and unsuited to execute the old and singular task of will making on account of the many injuries received in encounters with Mathematics and Science and also because of the many cases of heart trouble, do make and publish this, our last Will and Testament, in order that we may distribute our interest in the school among succeeding classes.

To our beloved teachers we wish to extend our thanks and gratitude for the interest shown in us and great co-operation with us in our high school activities.

1st—To the Juniors, we will Mr. Johnson, our Principal, with the understanding that they will love, cherish and obey him, as we have done.

2nd—We leave to them the greatly desired and longed for, row of seats by the window in the Assembly Room.

3rd—The Class of '24 generously bequeaths all the yellow painted squares on post and fence to the class of '25 for them to do with whatever they desire.

To the sophomores we bestow our sagacity of mind, and ability to co-operate with one another.

To the freshmen we leave our ability to profit by Mr. Johnson's words of warning "A word to the wise is sufficient," also we leave our dignity as a blind for their greenness.

To the succeeding English classes we do affectionately entrust Mrs. Convill, hoping that her hard and patient efforts to drum good English into our head may meet with better success in future classes.

We leave Lauraine Stewart's oratorical eloquence to Kenneth Edwards.

We bequeath Jesse Towne's bluffing in History class to any one who feels he has the knack of getting by with it.

We bestow Lilybel Gresham's nerve to bob her hair, despite parental objections to Frieda Flood.

We grant Edwin Carlson's ability to ask foolish questions to Hjalmar Holten.

We do will and bequeath Ione Franklin's talent of vamping the boys to Marie Elander.

We do ungrudgingly leave Signar Nelson's conceit to any one capable of handling it. If no one capable of handling it. If no one can befound it may be impartially distributed among the freshmen.

To Helen Brewer, we bequeath Anna Flood's affectionate disposition among her schoolmates.

To the future basketball girls we will our deep appreciation of Miss Edwards' untiring efforts and devotion in girls' athletics.

To the High School Student Body we reverently leave our pennant. May it ever serve to recall to their minds, kind thoughts of the Class for which it stands.

We, the class, in unison do leave to Mr. Johnson the keys to our

hearts, preferring this course, instead of having them broken like padlocks.

I, Signar Nelson, or otherwise known as Sig, do bequeath my good standing with the women teachers to John Ericksen.

I, Ione Franklin, leave to any one contemplating to join the movies, my artistic poses.

I, Jesse Towne, do grant to Einar Ericksen my generosity in treating the girls with candy.

I, Lilybel Gresham, do bestow my love of the outdoors to any one desiring such.

I, Edwin Carlson, do leave to Gus Leino my school girl complection. Take good care of it Gus, as it is valuable among the girls.

I, Anna Flood, do bequeath my offices as Treasurer of the Student Body and as Editor in Chief of the Annual to the person who feels that he is sufficiently broad shouldered to bear the heavy responsibility of both.

I, Lauraine Stewart, do leave to Hildegarde Kleckner, my vanity box—use it freely Hildegarde, we all like pieces of art.

In this our last will and testimony, in a spirit of kindness we do bequeath, to the oncoming classes the right to romp in the hall when no teacher is about as has been the custom in the past.

In witness whereof we hereby subscribe our hand and seal, on this day, March 24, 1924, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

President Anna H. Flood.

Witness Lilybel Gresham.

Authorized by Anna H. Flood and Lilybel Gresham.

Class Poem

I

There's a Class in this school that's respected,
It's a Class that they're bound to adore,
It's composed of the true—not dejected,
It's our own Class of '24.

II

School spirit is written all o'er em—
They have made it their duty to win
In whatever event they partake of,
Tho they must go through thick and through thin.

III

They've proposed the new parties and songfests
The deba'ees and the outings galore—
And there's always demand for the Seniors
Of our own Class of '24.

IV

The emblem of strife and of struggle—
The diploma, that marks the finale
Is the signal that marks the beginning,
Of a strife only time can dispell.

V

In the future when all's in the making
Of someone who can surge to the fore—
To this task we shall prove ourselves equal,
We, the staunch Class of '24.

C. S. N.



KENNETH EDWARDS

"Better late than never, but
better never late."



RUTH BRECK

"Worry is left entirely out of
her life."



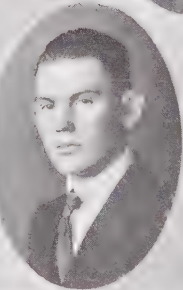
BRITANUS VIK

"Still water runs deep."



VIVIAN CRAWFORD

"Her heart, her talent and her
hands are free to all who need
them."



ALLEN PHAIR

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day!"



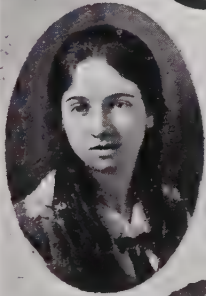
FRED BURGOYNE

"I am always in haste, but never in a hurry."



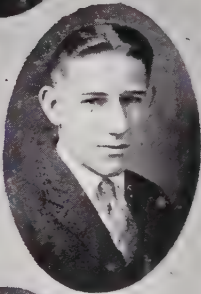
JOHN ERICKSON

"What the devil, pater?"



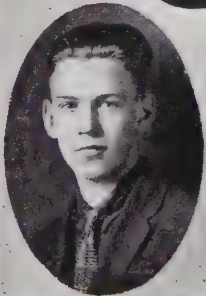
KATHRYN GROESBECKE

"A Wild Irish Rose."



CLARENCE HANSEN

"Comedy is his specialty, but he can't sit on his reputation."



FLOYD JASPER

"None but himself can be his parallel."

History of Class of '25

In the fall year of '21 there came into Westport High a very happy promising class, including Vivian Crawford, Lauraine Stewart, Ruth Breck, Allen Phair, Clarence Hansen, Fred Burgoyne, Loyd Carver, John Erickson, Floyd Jasper and Britanus Vik. The following year these Freshmen with Fred Burgoyne absent from their midst and Kathryn Groesbeck added to their list came back, the same happy-go-lucky bunch as the year before. These Sophomores took an active part in programs and Basket Ball; but it was the following year that they did the most.

The next year they consisted of nine, Ruth Breck, Kathryn Groesbeck, John Erickson (Athletic Manager), Clarence Hansen, Allen Phair, Floyd Jasper (Sergeant of Arms), Britanus Vik, Kenneth Edwards (Member of Student Council), and Fred Burgoyne, who had returned from Jefferson High, Portland. The absent ones were Lauraine Stewart, who left us during our Junior year and through outside study became a Senior. Vivian Crawford and Loyd Carver dropped out so our original number was reduced to nine.

Four Juniors took parts in the High School Play, three were elected student body officers, four played on the Boys' Basketball team and five on the Baseball team, while all took part in the Junior and Senior Hallowe'en party. So let's all toast the frivolous, happy Junior, for next year he will be a dignified Senior.

K. G.

Tennis Player—"Have you any white ducks?"

Ikey—"What do you think this is, a poultry store?"

Mr. Johnson (demonstrating the siren in Physics II)—"Now you see this machine is turned by a crank."

— —

Teacher (grasping a Freshman by the collar)—"Young man I believe Satan has got a hold of you."

— —

Mrs. Convill—"I am beautiful. What tense is that, Frank?"

Frank—"Past."

Miss Edwards (in Medieval History Class)—"Hjalmer, what was the 'Diet of Worms' made up of?"

Hjalmer—"Worms."

— — — —

Miss Edwards (in Bookkeeping class)—"Clarence, sit down:"

Clarence (after looking about and finding no vacant chair)—"Well, what do you think I'm going to sit on—my reputation?"



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: George Baumgardner, Hjalmer Holton, Frank Eastley, Hilgarde Kleckner, Margaret Nelson, Joseph Minami, Einar Luoto.

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Einar Erickson, Helen Brewer, Jacobina Vik, Vera Catto, Lucille Mattson, Frida Flood, Wilma Gore, Gus Leino.



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Carl Johansen, Roy Rayma, Helen Roberts, Constance Michelsen, Marie Elander, Bernice Eilertsen.
 BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: James Banning, Cyril Botts, Acam Luoto, Eva West, Beatrice Eyman, Ava Franklin, Jessie Craig



THE PLAY CAST, "ADAM AND EVA"

BOTTOM ROW:

James King, a rich man	Fred Burgoyne
Julie De Witt, his eldest daughter	Anna Flood
Adam Smith, his business manager	Allen Phair
Eva King, his youngest daughter	Wilma Gore
Clinton De Witt, his son-in-law	John Erickson
Aunt Abby Rocker, his sister-in-law	Ione Franklin

TOP ROW:

Lord Andrew Gordon, his would-be son-in-law	Edwin Carlson
Corinthia, his parlor maid	Lauraine Stewart
Coach	Mrs. Convill
Dr. Jack Delameter, his neighbor	Signar Nelson
Horace Pilgrim, his uncle	Clarence Hansen
(Not in Picture)	

Here's high school in as few worlds as it is possible to use:

Freshmen—Irrresponsible.
 Sophomores—Irrrepressible.
 Juniors—Irrresistable.
 Seniors Irreproachable.
 Freshmen—Classy.
 Sophomores—Sassy.
 Juniors—Brassy.
 Seniors—Classy.

Englishman (eating fish cake for the first time): "I say, chappie, something has died in my biscuit."

Literary and Drama

Ambitious Youth on the Road to Education

Ambitious Youth, leaving behind him the mazes of High School set out alone on the road leading to the fruitful garden of knowledge called College Education. At the beginning the road entered the Valley of Wage Earning which was limited in its extent by high cliffs that bound it all around except at its wide entrance and narrow outlet, and which was crowded with inhabitants. As the valley looked fertile to him, and most of its inhabitants prosperous, a short period as he had yet plenty of time to reach his destination.

Several of his companions in the Valley laughed at him when he told them he intended to travel the road leading to College Education, and wanted to know why he wished to take such a hard road when it was easier to remain where he was. Foremost among his jeerers was a youth called Slothfulness.

Ambitious Youth did not reply to their comments, but kept to his purpose with fixed determination. When the time he had set to leave the valley came, his heart felt heavy when he thought of leaving the quiet valley and setting forth on the rough road he knew was before him. Nevertheless, he gathered his belongings together and with a number of others of the valley set forth. After a time they crossed a stream called Registration and came to a wall called Entrance Exams which they stopped to survey with misgiving. A few turned back, but Ambitious Youth and a few others made a strong effort and scaled the wall. On the other side was a little old man whose name was College Tuition. He came forward and asked each one a question, and according to their answers had each one put on a certain pair of shoes. Most of them put on Pay Your Way Shoes, but a few, including Ambitious Youth had to put on Work Your Way Shoes.

The Pay Your Way Shoes were light, and their wearers walked along with little trouble, but the Work Your Way Shoes were heavy and clumsy and the wearers had to watch their step to keep from falling, and getting behind those who wore the lighter shoes. Ambitious Youth did his best with his shoes and climbed the rough places with a staunch heart. Once he stumbled in the Swamp of Mathematic which the others had gone around, and arose with his clothes spattered with mud, and with a depressed spirit. One boy called Criticism poked fun at Ambitious Youth for his clumsiness and blindness of walking into such a swamp, but a young man whose name was Kind Words stopped and helped Ambitious Youth brush the mud off his clothes and patted him on the back. This act of Kind Words sent our youth on with a lighter spirit, and when they ascended the hill of Final Exams, on the summit of which stood the garden which they sought, Ambitious Youth was one of the first to reach the top, ahead, even of some of those who wore Pay Your Way Shoes. At the entrance of the garden stood the fair Palace of Diplomas through the hall of which Ambitious Youth passed, with a confident step, out into the garden of College Education.

L. G.

WESTPORT, OREGON.

January 8, 1924.

Dear Grandfather:—

Until now, my letters have undoubtedly been dull and uninteresting to you but since my visit of last week, I have made up my mind that at last I have found something of interest to tell you.

I did not tell you in my last letter, about the visit I was to make to Spencerville, the little town in which you were born, because I wanted it to be a surprise to you.

Don't you remember, grandfather, when I was a little girl, how you used to hold me on your knee during the long winter evenings and tell me about the good times you had when you were a boy? How you and your two chums used to go squirrel hunting in the woods? About the time you carved Jenny Himmel's and your names on a big oak tree and carved a heart around them? Do you still remember fat little Mr. Stubbs the grocer who chased you and Johnny Little out of his store with a broom when you two went behind the counter and filled your pockets with dried apples? About young Mr. Hays who spanked you for throwing a sack of sour grape mash into his father's pig pen? I laugh to myself as I recall the way you told about his thinking his pigs had cholera because they staggered around so when they were really only drunk.

I went to Spencerville last week to see an old school chum of mine but as I said before, I didn't tell you about it because I wanted to describe these people and places as they are now.

Louise and I went to the woods you used to play in and gathered flowers for Louise's aunt who is ill. On the edge of the woods, we passed the old oak tree and I stopped to look for the names you carved there. Yes, grandfather, they are still there, the heart and the arrows just like you left them, excepting that the figures have grown in size along with the tree.

Old Mr. Stubbs, the grocer, died three years ago and his son built a new store where the old one once was. He could not remember of hearing his father tell about a certain George Carter when I asked him, but when I mentioned the fact that you used to steal his father's dried apples, he just said he was glad you had moved away.

I only saw Mr. Hays once, and at that particular moment, he was chasing three little ragmuffins who had been stealing apples out of his orchard, and Oh, yes! I saw old Mr. Lindsly, the undertaker. He was so old and feeble he could hardly walk, but as he is such a dreary personage I will not say anything further about him.

You will probably wonder how I ever knew these people, having never seen them, but Lou'se knew them quite well, having lived in Spencerville for eight years.

The houses you have described so often to me are not there today. New houses and stores have taken their places, and I am sure they give the little town a much more modern appearance.

Upon really seeing these people and places that you have so often described to me they became a reality and now I can easily understand why you treasured these childhood memories.

Your loving grand-daughter,
LUCILE MATTSON.

An Essay on Hairpins

At first thought hairpins seem a very common and unimportant article, but if we stop to consider we shall have to acknowledge them very essential to womankind. Indeed hairpins are very indispensable to the civilized woman of the late ages, for are they not the means by which the various arrangements of women's hairdress are accomplished, and has it not been said that many a woman's good looks depended on her coiffeur? When they are lying around plentiful on the dressers nothing is thought of losing one, and many and many a one is lost—we are apt to find one lying almost anywhere yet when a woman finds herself without one, its value is imminent for nothing can take its place. Often have I heard a woman mourn, "Oh! if I only had another hairpin," and if perchance she finds one she will pounce upon it as though she had discovered a treasure.

Of course just at the present time when bobbed hair has become the craze the hairpin has been compelled to share its unique position with its more attractive cousin the barrett. It probably feels outraged by the members of the fair set who have dared to dispense with its use. However it might find consolation in the fact that it will never be wholly dispensed with for there are many who refuse to fall victim to the fad, and its use in the arrangement of the hairdress is by no means its only use, though it is clear it was the one intended for it. It is used by the masculine world as well as by the feminine, and by children in their play. A hairpin has many times come to one's aid in sewing, or mending some broken article. It has served the purpose of a shoe buttoner, a ribbon runner, as a means of holding things together, and numerous other purposes. There is not a one of us who has not put the hairpin to some use.

The hairpin in spite of its usefulness is subject to much ill-treatment. It is unmercifully bent and twisted into all kinds of contortions. It is trampled under foot, and is vigorously shoved into the hair in any kind of position.

When we consider the various uses of the hairpin we freely admit they play an essential part in this world.

L. G.

One day last week Gus Leino was trying to hitch a horse, which kicked him southwest of the corn crib.

A mischievous lad threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley on Tuesday.

When Signar Nelson was escorting Miss X. Y. Zee home from a church social last Tuesday a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Nelson on the public square!

Carl Johanson climbed upon the roof of the Club House last Friday looking for a leak, and fell striking himself on his back porch.

Hallowe'en Party

The Juniors and Seniors gave a Hallowe'en party in the gymnasium of the High School, in honor of the Freshmen and Sophomores.

The decorations consisted of a profusion of autumn leaves placed in among the paper witches and goblins on the wall. In various nooks tall corn stalks and large pumpkins gave more zest to the spirit of Hallowe'en.

At the beginning of the party each class gave a stunt in the auditorium. The Juniors' and Seniors' stunt was given together, while the stunts put on by the Freshmen and Sophomores were given separate. Everyone then assembled to the gymnasium where games were played and a dancing act given by Lauraine Cooper was duly enjoyed by all. The games continued and at the hour of eleven refreshments were served.

Valentine Party

The Freshmen and Sophomores returned a Valentine Party to the Juniors and Seniors. The party was given in the gymnasium of the High School.

At the beginning of the party Lucille Mattson and Margaret Nelson gave a skit, "Hanging out the Clothes," which was greatly appreciated. A short play entitled "The Royal Family" was also given by members of the Freshmen and Sophomore Classes. Beatrice Eyman and Constance Michelsen gave a very clever Spanish Dance in the gymnasium. Games were played and refreshments served about eleven o'clock.

W G.

History of Athletics

Athletics did not become a part of student activities in the Westport High School until the fall of 1921. Up to that time we did not have any sort of gymnasium for athletics. It was in this same year that our gymnasium was finished and basketball was started for the first time.

Both the boys' and girls' teams entered the basketball league of the lower Columbia district. Although being green at the game, both teams made a good showing for the first year, under the able coaching of Frank B. Bennett.

Track was started directly after basketball and in this sport our track team showed up pretty well.

In the fall of 1922 basketball was started anew. This time a new coach, J. C. Johnson, with the help of several letter men returned, put out a good team, winning the majority of the games played. This year we did not have track, but put our time into developing a baseball team. This was the first baseball team put out by Westport High. Several games were played and the team as a whole showed up well.

Then came the fall of 1923 and basketball was again started. With only two letter men back, we had a hard time building a winning team, from the small squad we had to pick from.

This Spring, we again organized a baseball team and have joined the lower Columbia league.

J. E.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

John C. Johnson	"Snap into it boys."
Coach	
Allen Phair, Donk	"Stonewall Jackson."
Guard	
Signar Nelson, Porky	"Make it snappy, gang."
Center	
Jesse Towne	"Carrots."
Forward	
John Erickson, Spuds, All Star Player	"Come on, Gang."
Guard	
Frank Easterley, Gravy	"I'll get you after the game"
Guard	
Fred Burgoyne, Cabbage	"Pretty Keen."
Forward	
Einar Erickson, Beans	"Come on! Snap out of it."
Forward	



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

From Rear:

- Lauraine Stewart“I beg your pardon.”
Guard
- Bertha West“Wait 'till next year.”
Guard
- Hildegarde Kleckner“Life's just one basket after another.”
Forward
- Grace Edwards“Fight hard, but play clean.”
Coach
- Marie Elander“All for the School.”
Center
- Margaret Nelson“Hey, what do you think you're doing?”
Center
- Wilma Gore“Come on, let's win”
Forward
- Frida FloodA side center with a punch
Side Center
- Eva WestModesty is the best policy
Forward
- Anna FloodA true sportswoman
Guard

Snap Shots





HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Wilma Gore	Violin
Lauraine Stewart	Violin
Ethel Jackson	Leader
Ione Franklin	Piano
Vera Catto	Piano



WESTPORT HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUB

TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

George Baumgardner, tenor; Hjalmer Holton, bass; Allen Phair, tenor; Britanus Vik, tenor; Kenneth Edwards, bass; John Erickson, tenor; Signar Nelson, tenor

BOTTOM ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:

Roy Rayma, tenor; Einar Erickson, bass; Frank Easterley, bass; Gus Leino, bass; Fred Burgoyne, tenor; Cyril Botts, tenor; Carl Johansen, tenor; James Banning, tenor.



STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

BOTTOM ROW:

Anna Flood	Treasurer
Lilybel Gresham	Vice-President
Vera Catto	Secretary
Lucille Mattson	Sophomore Council Member
Vivian Crawford	Literary Commissioner
Carl Johansen	Freshman Council Member

TOP ROW:

Edwin Carlson	Senior Council Member
Signar Nelson	President
John Ericksen	Athletic Manager
Kenneth Edwards	Junior Council Member

Calendar

- September 5—School started, everyone seemed glad.
- September 10—Seniors held a meeting to elect their class officers.
- September 19—Seniors chose their class colors.
- September 24—Seniors decided on their class pins.
- October 1—Student Body meeting held, birth of the annual.
- October 4—Annual Staff elected.
- October 16—Assembly called. Mrs. Watzeck lectured and showed slides of her trip around the world.
- October 21—Senior kid day (the boys were too bashful to wear knickerbockers.)
- October 31—The Juniors and Seniors gave a Hallowe'en party for the Sophomores and Freshmen.
- November 5—Student Body meeting.
- November 9—Armistice Program given during assembly period.
- November 12—Holiday—Hurrah.
- November 27—Mr. Darnell gave a talk to the High School on the Profits of Education.
- November 29 and 30—Thanksgiving vacation.
- December 3—Student Body meeting.
- December 11—Annual Staff meeting for the purpose of deciding what material should be placed in the Annual.
- December 20 to January 2—Christmas vacation.
- January 11—Two delegates were sent to Eugene to the State Convention of Student Body Officers.
- January 15—Reports were made by the two delegates, who had been sent to the convention at Eugene, of the different phases of Student Body Activities.
- January 16—Annual Staff meeting held for the purpose of assigning definite work to members of the Staff.
- January 21—Student Body Play chosen—"Adam and Eva."
- February 7—Superintendent O. H. Byland, Rev. Woodfin and Rev. Stubbs lectured on the life of ex-president Wilson. Half Holiday.
- February 12—A Gettysburg Contest was held between the four classes of the High School. The Freshies were victorious—how did it happen?
- February 15—The Freshmen and Sophomores gave a Valentines party for the Seniors and Juniors.
- March 3—The Teaching Staff gave a banquet for the Girls' and Boys' Basketball Teams.
- March 13—Special Student Body meeting was called for the purpose of choosing a name for the Annual.
- March 21—The Student Body play was given.
- April 3—Two delegates were sent to the First Musical Tournament at Forest Grove.
- April 7—Student Body meeting. Reports were made by the two delegates sent to Forest Grove, also a very interesting talk on school spirit was given by Lloyd R. Owre, an alumnus.
- April 18—Annual goes to press.

Grade School

